

## Poetry.

## TO A BEREAVED FRIEND.

EMILY C. FRANKLIN.

Weep not, though oft affliction comes  
In terror's dread form;  
Treat him whose part the whitened sides,  
Whose ways are in the storm.

Be comforted! thy precious ones  
He kindly calls away  
To garner with his treasures safe  
From evil's hasting day.

Thy sweet rest in Jesus' care—  
Thy precious dust He'll keep—  
Until the resurrection morn,  
He gives his loved ones sleep.

A "little while," thy children lose  
Will be thine own again  
When he shall gather all his own  
And in his kingdom reign.

Mourn not, take comfort in this thought  
"He doeth all things well."  
Beyond these griefs and sorrows dread  
Soon we shall safely dwell.

Where tears are wiped from every eye  
By Jesus' loving hand  
Redeemed from death shall they rejoice  
In all the promised land.

There thou wilt share a blest reward  
For all thy love and care,  
Thine own returned from Death's embrace  
Joyful, immortal, fair!

How sweet their song, when near thy side  
They sing—each well-known form—  
Of him who still the tempest's wrath,  
And calmest rest the storm.

Of him whose mighty word and power  
Hath reborn the earth anew—  
Effaced the ruin that hath made,  
And Eden brought to view.

"HE FORGETTETH NOT THE CRY OF THE HUMBLE."

Jesus, Thy boundless love to me  
No thought can ever fathom;  
Oh, but my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign with a rival there.

Thine wholly, Thine alone I am,  
Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame,  
Oh, grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone.

Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;  
All coldness from my heart remove,  
May every act, word, thought, be love.

O Love, how cheering is thy ray!  
All pain before thy presence flies;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away  
Where'er thy healing beams arise.

O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee—  
In suffering, be Thy love my peace;  
In weakness, be Thy love my power;

And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that imperishable hour,  
In death, in life, be Thou my guide,  
And save me, Who for me hast died.

—Paul Gerhardt.

## The Fireside.

## "HELP THE LAME DOG OVER THE STILE."

In one of the interior towns in the province of Nova Scotia there were once an old tavern, such as could be seen in some parts of this country years ago. But the era of stage-coaching has gone by with us, and the railway and stagecoach passenger rapidly from one point to another, that way-side inn is no longer a necessity. This old tavern of which I speak was a favorite resort for all classes of men. You could see there every day, when the mail-coach drove up, old men with gray hair, and spectacles on their noses, poring over the weekly newspaper of the county, or discussing with the younger men different topics of the day. Hostlers, in their green jackets and high red-top boots, risked about busy with the horses, putting up the newly arrived ones, and bringing out a fresh relay for the coach; coolies cracking their long whips in their haste to be attended to; but maids bringing out beer and eatables to the passengers in the coach; "Boots," that adjunct of every public house (in the familiar name of the errand boy), brushing the coats and hats of the riders—all these made a jolly sight to the lookers-on from the coach windows. In the winter evening the large fireplace, wherein blazed the great logs, never wanted for a dozen or score of visitors around its cheerful hearth.

This old tavern was three stories high, with gable windows in the roof, partly overgrown with vines, and hidden from the public road by tall trees. But the peculiarity of the house was its sign. I can see it now, as it creeps on its rusty hinges, swung to and fro in the breeze; a large, square sign, suspended on a tall pole at the junction of the highway and the road which led up to the house. On one side of the sign was painted the picture of a fence, with a stile, and beside it a dog, with one of his legs bound up in a sling, and beneath it was the inscription, "Help the lame dog over the stile."

It was a curious old sign, fully associated with the curious old house. But the sign had a meaning, and its lesson was not forgotten by the patrons of the inn. Then, too, as the old sign swung on its rusty hinges, in storm and sunshine, and its lesson was read by every one who drove by on the road. The passengers in the coach that daily passed by read it, and spoke to one another of the old dog and the curious motto, "Help the lame dog over the stile." That picture often came up before their minds during the day as they rattled along on their journey. The children of the village saw it as they trudged along to school. It seemed quite like an old familiar friend to them, and the old dog was many a time drawn on the slates in school, and referred to in their monthly talks and plays. In fact, that old sign was the great moral instructor of the village people, and from the pedagogue to the practical every one, at times, had the motto on his lips.

The sign hangs there no longer, for the old tavern has passed away; but the picture of the dog is not so easily removed from the memory. For the children of this generation, the picture here given is all that remains to recall the story of the tavern and its sign.

What did it mean?

I will tell you a story. In the pleasant village there lived three little girls who were great friends. They always played together, they went to the same school, and they were about the same age, though Lillie looked to be at least three years older than either Bessie or Annie. The other two looked up to Lillie as their leader, and whatever she advised was sure to be followed. I can tell you of all the little lasses that have been together, the games they played, the pranks they pulled, the pranks they pulled, the pranks they pulled.

One day, as these three children came into school together and went to their desks, they noticed a new scholar on one of the front benches. She was evidently a shy little girl, for she kept her face hidden behind the tall post at the end of the room, and never once looked around when the other girls came in. When she was put into a class she kept her head down so that no one could look into her eyes, and her long curls hid her cheeks. She stood next to Lillie, and Lillie told the other girls at recess that she saw two big bear drops on her cheeks when the lesson was over. Poor little thing! It was her first day at school. She was the only child of a washerwoman who lived half a mile from the school-house. Yet her white sunbonnet and neat calico dress, and her tidy shoes and stockings, showed that she had been taught to take proper care of her person.

Of course, just as soon as recess came, all the girls began to talk about the new comer. "Isn't she shy?" "Did you hear her little squeaky voice when the teacher asked her questions?" "Wonder who she is?" "Oh! Bessie knows: her mother is a washerwoman who lives under the hill." Such were the questions which occupied the children during recess. The day passed and the little new comer went home with the feeling of a deer escaped from the hunters. No one had spoken to her, she had eaten her lunch of brown bread and apples by herself in a corner of the school-room, and had cried over her arithmetic sums until school was over.

The next day at recess Lillie went in to the school room for her ball, and there in the corner she saw the little "new girl," with her head on the desk, crying.

"Won't you come and play ball with us?" asked Lillie, pitying the little bashful child.

"No, thank you," was the response broken by a sob.

So Lillie bounded out of the room, throwing up her ball and catching it as she ran. But in a moment she came back again. No one was in the school-room but the new scholar. Lillie went up to her and said, "May I sit by you?" The little head was raised from the desk, and two little blue eyes filled with tears looked up at Lillie. It was the first offer of acquaintance which had been made to her. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her hair tumbled about her face, yet Lillie thought nothing of the swollen eyes, none of the little freckles as she looked down at the child.

"There; never mind, don't cry; let me sit down here and talk with you," continued Lillie; and in five minutes the two had learned each other's name, and broken the ice of friendship.

"Never mind that," said Lillie, as the little Margie told her how hard it was to get the sums right. "I'll shut my new book and let you get on with your slate." And so, taking her pencil and slate, Lillie wrote down the figures and showed her how to add and subtract and multiply. Fifteen minutes had passed before they knew it, and the little girls talked and worked together as if they had known each other a year.

"Lillie! Lillie! where is Lillie?" was shouted and echoed by half a dozen girls from the playground. Lillie heard their voices as she was deep in a multiplication example, but did not heed them. She was happy in her new task of helping the new-comer. And the tears had been dried up, and the heart of little Margie had been cheered by the kindly offices of friendship.

"Oh! here she is," said Kitty, as she bounded into the school-house and saw Lillie at the desk of the new scholar. "Why didn't you answer when we called you, Lillie?"

"Never mind me, Kitty, go and play without me; I'm busy now." But Lillie went off to tell the other girls what she had seen—Lillie and the new girl actually sitting their lunch together, and Lillie doing sums with her. After that the little bashful Margie found other friends among the girls, for when Lillie led the way others were sure to follow.

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But neither Margie nor Lillie ever forgot the day when Lillie came to her and spent her recess doing school sums. Their friendship continued during their school days, and Margie was always grateful for her friend's sympathy and aid, and I am sure Lillie never forgot the day in which she "helped the lame dog over the stile."—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

## A CHEAP ICE-HOUSE.

To make the ice-house the following plan will answer as well as the most costly one.—Take a corner of a barn or outbuilding on the north side, and mark out a space one foot from the wall on each side, seven feet square to hold the ice of ice, or ten feet square if ten or twelve tons are required. Tack or "saw" at each corner a piece of scantling eight feet long, and nail to them rough boards so as to inclose the space marked out on three sides. Leave the fourth side, which should be towards the inside of the barn, open. Fix scantlings outside of the four, to support an outside wall. Upon one side the boards are left loose. This is done that the ice can be packed, and as it is packed, the boards are placed one by one as the piles raise, and the ice is taken up they are taken away one by one. A supply of saw-dust is then to be procured. Tan-bark, cut-chaff, wheat-chaff, or cut straw may be substituted; their value being in the order in which they are named. When the ice is ready, and the smooth-surfaced bottom of the inner space, and where the ice is to be piled, is then to be covered from beneath as much as possible, but yet to keep the floor dry. When a foot of sawdust is laid upon the floor and the ice cut in square pieces of even size, so as to pack solidly, it is piled in the centre, leaving a foot space between it and the inner wall. As the pile increases in height the sawdust is thrown in both places and trampled down closely, the lower being put in place as needed. When the pile is seven or eight feet high, or high enough, the whole is covered with a foot and a half of sawdust. The top one of each set of horse boards is nailed firmly to the posts to keep the walls from spreading; this should be done at the commencement. It is not necessary to do anything further, as ice may be kept very well in this way without any more protection than adding covering to the top. If the floor timbers of the barn beneath the ice to support the weight. To make any sort of ice-house, the plan here outlined may be adopted. It must be borne in mind that the floor beneath the ice must be air-tight, and yet thoroughly drained; that the walls must be double, and perfectly free from any currents of air; that the ice must be surrounded on all sides with a porous dry substance, and one as perfectly impermeable to air as possible; that the top covering should be at least eight inches thick, and need not be tightly closed in, but must be protected from the sun, and that the ice must be packed closely and solidly, and in freezing weather, if these requirements are observed the ice-house may be anywhere, or of any material, size, or shape whatever.

There is a great art in tea-making. Some people seem to have it naturally; others acquire it with long practice, others never succeed in it at all. There are two distinct plans in tea making which succeed very well. One is to put very little boiling water on tea, let it soak for a few minutes, and then fill up the teapot with boiling water. Another is to fill up the teapot at once with the water and let it stand for ten minutes at least. It is absolutely necessary, when making good tea, first that the water should be boiling, and secondly, that the teapot should be well warmed with hot water before the tea is put in; thirdly, that the water should not be too hot. A pinch of carbonate of soda will obviate this difficulty. Only practice can make one regulate the quantity of tea to be put into the teapot. For a small party the old rule of a teaspoonful for each person and one for the teapot answers very well, but it is too much for a large party.

He was a bachelor, had travelled extensively, and could speak any language, dead or alive. Hieroglyphics were nothing to him. But he returned home the other day, and was greeted by his wife, and when it came, and talked to his sister's baby; and when it came, and talked to his sister's baby; and when it came, and talked to his sister's baby.

"Did his naughty warty uncle wonder how honey money and scawy warty my little putty warty?" he just leaped over the back of a chair and warty.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY ELLENWORTH, P. O. BOX 242, LOWELL, MASS.

Contributions and answers respectfully solicited.

543.—CHARADE.

My first you may see;  
My second compares to a lower degree;  
My whole is what we must love to see.

SUBJECT MATTER. C. E. R.

544.—STAR DIAMOND.

\*\*\*\*\*

A consonant; a boy's nickname; a girl's name; the eye of an insect; a vowel.

Douglas. MARIA H.

\*\*\*\*\*

545.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.  
My 1, 3, 4, 6 is a triangular shape.  
My 2, 5, 13 is used for food.  
My 7, 9, 10 is to clean.  
My 4, 12, 5 is a sound.  
My 14, 15, 16 is a weight.  
My whole is a great general.

Kingston. QUIZ.

546.—PORTAL PUZZLE.

(Quotation from Shakespeare.)

A sign which goes forth dwells  
Hwy, Hwy, Hwy! Tell down and let nrai,  
Tub this at all nrai, ury alp n nrai,  
Nda ew li vira of scap ury tyve ayd.  
Lower Prince William. J. W. S.

547.—BLANK SQUARE.

\*\*\*\*\*

Across: A sea nymph; a man's name.

Down: A school; a prophet.

Cambridge. Ed.

548.—GEOGRAPHICAL TRANSPORTS.

Mayaguez. Chamkin.

Mr. Haste. Jerusalem.

\*\*\*\*\*

549.—NAMES OF CITIES.

(Enigmatically Expressed.)

An animal, and a crossing.

A vine, and part of the globe.

To study, and 128 cubic feet.

AXLE PULLEY, RAIL COIL, &c.

A machine name, and a weight.

A part of the human body, and a pond.

Barrington N. S. HARRY ANDY.

\*\*\*\*\*

550.—SCRIPTURE PUZZLE.

Deleese ren ethy alit mion ror ehyt alah eb

four-letter. NINA BLOOMSTON.

\*\*\*\*\*

551.—DROP LETTER.

(From the Bible.)

n h o m d e o a i

e c l a i g t e o g h

EVERETT GOSLINE.

(Answers in three weeks.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE OF JAN. 10.

DOWN

516.—DOVER

YEW

517.—Crown-head

518.—Discretion

519.—J. A. W.

520.—CRISP

LORE, Jerusalem.

521.—Out of the eater came forth sweetness.—Jud. xiv, 14.

522.—Elm. Hemlock. Ash. Maple.

523.—Fig. wry. Cow, mow.

CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

PRIZE WINNER.—THE MARQUESS, Fredericton.

Send farland, Halifax, N. S.—The answers you sent to Nos. 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514 and 515 are right. By this you are placed on the Roll. You have done very well.

J. R. VANWART, Prince William.—The Department thanks you for your kind wishes, and would like to see you in the West. The Charade, Enigma, Drop Letter, Square and Cross-Word with which you favor us are accepted.

FRANK, Philadelphia, Pa.—Your request to add to your last despatch it from publication. With the additions you have made it is very good. Don't you think it were better to print it as sent first?

LORE, Jerusalem.—Of the solutions you send for puzzle Dec. 13 all are right, and your name is added to the Roll. In your answers of No. 507, 508, 511, 512 and 514 are right. We judge you will continue to improve.

RENEWED, Montreal.—The reception of a new contributor is always a pleasing occurrence. The welcome given you is none the less cordial. By your Department's right, and your name is added to the Roll. In your answers of No. 507, 508, 511, 512 and 514 are right. We judge you will continue to improve.

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